



## CAMPBELL'S FARWELL TO IRELAND

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Farewell to old Ireland the place of nativity,  
 For now I'm bound for Columbia's fair shore,  
 Too long I have been in a state of captivity,  
 Adieu to old Ireland I'll ne'er see you more,  
 For since the trade has got a fall at home I can't stay a all,  
 Rents tithes or taxes I'm not able for to pay  
 Now from this bondage I'll get free unto the land of Liberty,  
 Adieu unto old Ireland for I must away,

Now brethren dear it grieves my heart to think from you I must part  
 And leave this fertile island where first my breath I drew,  
 For here at home I cannot stay, to spend my days in poverty,  
 I'm going to America my fortune to pursue  
 I'm going to sail the ocean wide not knowing what will me betide  
 My precious life to venture as my brethren done before,  
 Upwards of three & thirty years I spent in this vale of tears  
 Farewell to old Ireland I'll ne'er see you more,

Three hundred years the chosen band was slaves in the Egyptian  
 land,  
 By haughty king Pharaoh was sorely oppressed,  
 They were employed I heard it said in making bricks both night  
 and day,  
 And from their masters they ne'er could find no rest,  
 But Moses being a holy man got orders from the great God,  
 And from the house of bondage to set his children free,  
 And lead them to fair Canaan's land where they came to weep  
 no more,  
 Yet at last he brought them to the land of Liberty,  
 But Pharaoh would not let go, 'till Moses his great powers did  
 show,  
 And from the land of Egypt his chosen took a flight,  
 A cloud to be seen them on their way from the scorching sun by day  
 And a fiery pillar to guide their march by night,  
 Thro' the depth of the Red sea he maid for them a ready way,  
 When he saw destruction fall on their enemies,  
 For forty years in bitterness they wandered thro' the wilderness,  
 Yet after all he brought them to the land of Liberty,  
 Sin was the cause of their distress which kept them in the wilder-  
 ness,  
 And sin it was the occasion of our calamity,  
 For pride has got into some folk the poor may live under the yolk  
 I don't see any method by which we can get free,  
 Virtue is not so high where is the money for to buy,  
 The tradesmen has not got it nor neither has the poor,  
 There is room of it to London gone & this you may depend upon,  
 Others turned bankrupts & closed up their doors,

Now brethren dear I must away time won't permit me here to stay  
 I fear I'll ne'er will see the fertile Shamrock shore,  
 Altho I leave you here behind I'll always bear you in my mind,  
 I hope that trade will flourish in old Ireland once more,  
 May freedom harmony & love with every blessing from above,  
 Attend this fertile island where pink & violet grows,  
 Like the Israelites now act sinners a little while with patience,  
 Perhaps we'll meet in time again where milk & honey flows